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GEO. H. BLAKE, Publisher.

## Orleans County Monitor,

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BARTON, VT.

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## HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Has "decided" claims upon the public. This is positively proven by the immense good it has done to those who have been cured of diseases from which they have suffered intensely for years, as verified by the testimonials, every one of which is a positive fact.

CHELSEA, VT., Feb. 24, 1879.  
Messrs. C. J. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: The fifth day of last June I was taken sick with a swelling on my right foot, and with an intense itching. The swelling went all over me. My face was swollen so that I could not see out of my eyes, and I broke out in the whole surface of my body. My right foot was so swollen that I could not wear my shoes, and I could not step on it, and it would run out as we went a hundred miles in an hour. In this condition Mr. W. F. Hood of the firm of A. J. Hood & Son, druggists of this town, handed me a bottle of Hood's SARSAPARILLA, and told me to take it. I did so, and by the time I had taken one bottle I found that it was doing me good. I have since taken five bottles more. After I had taken three bottles my soreness began to leave me, and I have been growing better every day, so that I can now walk without pain. I have no soreness in my ankle and it has healed. I have not had any more of my old trouble, and I feel as well as ever. I write this to let you know that I think it deserves the confidence of the public, especially those who are troubled with humors.

JOSEPH PITKIN.  
P. S. Every person that saw me said that I never would get over my lameness without having a running sore on my ankle; but thank God I have.

Another person writes: "I have been troubled with a swelling on my right foot, and with an intense itching. The swelling went all over me. My face was swollen so that I could not see out of my eyes, and I broke out in the whole surface of my body. My right foot was so swollen that I could not wear my shoes, and I could not step on it, and it would run out as we went a hundred miles in an hour. In this condition Mr. W. F. Hood of the firm of A. J. Hood & Son, druggists of this town, handed me a bottle of Hood's SARSAPARILLA, and told me to take it. I did so, and by the time I had taken one bottle I found that it was doing me good. I have since taken five bottles more. After I had taken three bottles my soreness began to leave me, and I have been growing better every day, so that I can now walk without pain. I have no soreness in my ankle and it has healed. I have not had any more of my old trouble, and I feel as well as ever. I write this to let you know that I think it deserves the confidence of the public, especially those who are troubled with humors."

**LIFE AND HEALTH.**  
**A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.**  
SARSAPARILLA.  
The Great Internal and External Remedy.

Prepared only by C. J. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Price one dollar, or six bottles for five dollars. Prepared only by C. J. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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## AT PEACE.

STREW ON HER ROSES, ROSES.

And never a spray of yew I

In quiet repose:

Ah! would that I did, too!

Her mirth the world required,

She bathed in it smiles of gloom.

But her heart was tired, tired,

And now they lay her low.

Her life was turning, turning,

In mazes of heat and sound;

But for peace her soul was yearning,

And now peace lies her round.

Her cabin's ample spirit,

It flutters and flutters for breath;

To-night it doth inhale

The very hall of death.

Thus we wonder

Left by left in sad surrender,

Pump and pride and pleasure tender,

When our days are in the rear.

Down they shiver!

Quake and quiver!

On the swift and silent river,

Where the current glides forever

To the wide and winding sea.

Like the lives of men adorning

To the life that is to be.

A QUAKER SERMON.

It was the first day meeting,

And the group of gathered folk

Sat touched by the hush of a voiceless spell;

No sound the silence broke,

Until, in her place on the woman's side,

With a sweet and tender face

That bore the pure and peaceful sign

Of the inward spirit's grace,

A white-haired woman rose with the word

That was bid on her heart to say—

The word that the gathered people

Were waiting that sunny day.

"Sister Tabitha all to pieces

My best china tea-pot broke,

But I kept my soul in patience,

Nor a word of anger spoke."

That was all; and down with the sunshine

The silence again fell slow.

Till the old people gave the sign

That the service was complete.

Do you say that word was wasted?

That the sermon was trivial, vain,

Textless, devoid of life,

Unfilled by one eloquent strain?

Not so; for that gospel is sweetest

And the thought in the first-day word,

That the least of our trials and triumphs

Has a word in the sight of our Lord.

While many a rhetorician

Might learn from this homely brief

A truth that the wisest people

Would hail as a glad relief—

That the lesson is most enduring

Close to life's practical lines,

And not the length but the fitness

The heart of the heart inclines.

And we all in our plain home duties

Find the thought in the first-day word,

That the least of our trials and triumphs

Has a word in the sight of our Lord.

And the thought in the first-day word,

That the least of our trials and triumphs

Has a word in the sight of our Lord.

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And the thought in the first-day word,

## Sweethearts and Wives.

A sober, half-discontented face at the

window; a bright face in the street.

The window is thrown open and a smile

goes from the bright face to the sober

aspect. Both faces are young—the one

at the window the youngest—almost

childlike. Yet the window face is the

face of a wife, and the street face that

of a maiden, "fancy free."

"How strangely I was deceived, Bella,"

said the lady in the street.

"Deceived, how Mary? What do you

mean? But come in. You're just the

one I wish to see."

"I was sure I saw you not ten minutes

ago, riding out with Harry," said

the young friend, as they met and

embraced at the door.

"Oh, dear, no! I haven't been out

riding with Harry for a month."

"Indeed, how's that? I can remember

when you rode out together almost every

afternoon."

"Yes, but that was before our marriage,"

replied the young wife, in a

voice that made her friend look into her

face narrowly.

"The husband has less time for recreation

than the lover. He must give more

thought for business," remarked

the friend.

The little wife tossed her head and

shrugged her shoulders in a doubtful

way, saying as she did so, "I don't

know about the business! but lovers

and husbands are a different species of

the genus homo. The explanation lies

somewhere in this direction, I presume."

"Ah, Bella, Bella! That speech

doesn't come with a musical sound from

your lips," remarked the friend smiling,

yet serious.

"Truth is not always melodious," said

Bella.

"How is it as to sweethearts and

wives?" asked the friend. "Do they

belong to the same class?"

The question appeared to reach the

young wife's ears with suggestive force.

Her face was a little changed as she

answered:

"I don't know. Perhaps not."

The friend had been scanning the

young wife for some moments from head

to foot, in a way that now elicited the

question.

"Do you see anything peculiar about

me?"

"Yes," was answered.

"What?"

"A peculiar untidiness that I never

observed in the sweetheart."

Bella glanced down at her soiled

ruffled dress.

"My negligé," she said, with a little

short laugh.

"So I should think! Now, shall I

draw your picture?"

"Yes, if you have an artist's fancy."

"Here it is. Hair lustreless and untidy;

skin dull for want of action and

feeling; wrapper better conditioned for

the wash-tub and ironing table than as

a garment for the fair person of a young

wife; no collar nor ornament of any

kind, and a countenance—well, I can't

give that as I saw it a little while ago

at the window; but I am sure it wasn't

## "You have frightened me!"

said the

young wife, lifting her head at last, as

the excitement died away. "Ah, Mary,

if I should lose my husband's love it

would kill me."

"Then, Bella," answered her friend,

"see to it that you neglect none of the

means required for keeping it. If you

would continue to be loved, you must

not grow unlovely. The charms that

won your husband must not be folded

up and kept for holiday occasions and

then put on for other eyes than his.

You must keep them ever displayed

before him; nay, put on new attractions.

Is not the husband even dearer than the

lover, and his heart better worth the

holding? Look back, my dear friend,

over the brief moons that have waxed

and waned since you were a bride. Put

yourself on trial, take impartial testimony.

How has it been? Has your temper

been as sweet as when you sat leaning

together in the summer twilight, talking

of the love crowned future? Have you

been as studious to please as then?

As careful of his feelings? As respectful

of his tastes? Do you adorn

yourself for him now as when you dressed

for his coming then? As a wife you

are as lovable as when you were a maid-

en? Love is not a chameleon to feed on

air and change in every hue of condition;

it must have substantial food.

Deprived of this and it languishes and

dies. And now, dear I have warned

you. Meet your husband when he re-

turns home this evening, looking as

lovely as when he came to you in your

father's house, attracted as the bee is to

the flower, and note the manner in which

his face will brighten up. Did he kiss

you when he came home yesterday?"

"Husbands soon lose their inclination

for kissing," she answered.

"If the wife remains as attractive as

the maiden, never."

"Oh, you don't know anything about

it," said Bella. "Wait until you are

married."

After the friends said good afternoon

the young wife went to her room and

cried for a good quarter of an hour.

Then she commenced doing as the friend

had suggested. Refreshed by a bath,

she attired herself in a spotless white

wrapper with a delicate blue belt

binding her waist. A small lace collar,

scarcely whiter than her pure neck,

edged and tied with narrow azure rib-

bon, was turned away from her swan-

like throat, and just below, at the swell

of the blossom, was an exquisitely cut

oval pin. Her hair, a rich golden

brown, had been made glossy as the

wing of a bird, and was folded just

enough away from the temples to show

their delicate cutting. Two open rose-

buds—red and white—nestled above

and in front of one her